

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

A Woolsey professorship of Biblical literature has been established at Yale.

—Princeton was the outgrowth of the Log College of Rev. William Tennant.

—St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church of New York city has a Chinese club of over 200 members.

—The Presbytery of Oregon has finally decided that all candidates for a license to preach must abandon the use of tobacco in all forms.

—The president of a Presbyterian college for freedmen in South Carolina informs the church, through the annual catalogue, that among the pupils are 121 Presbyterians and 138 Christians.

—The Peter's Pence for 1889 yielded to the Pope thirty thousand dollars less than in 1888. The legacies bequeathed to the Pope during the year amount to seven hundred thousand dollars.

—A permanent scholarship of \$1,000 is being raised wholly among the colored people of Alabama for the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. A good proportion has already been paid in cash.

—On the west coast of Africa there are now 290 churches, 33,000 converts, 100,000 adherents, 2,750 schools and 30,000 pupils. Religious books have been translated into 35 dialects of the section.

—The destruction by fire of the University of Toronto removes perhaps the finest educational institution in Canada. Its libraries and museums were very fully equipped, and its buildings the best of the kind in the Dominion.

—The cornerstone of a new college for women was laid recently at Montclair, a few miles out of Denver, Col. The building will cost about \$200,000, and the cottage plan, instead of dormitories, will be adopted for boarding arrangements. It is a Baptist institution, and is designed to be for the West what Vassar is to the East.

—Dr. Amelia B. Edwards is reported to have said respecting her impressions of America: "That which most surprises and impresses me is the number, size and importance of women's colleges, the enormous forward movement for education for every body, and the universality and activity of women's clubs."

—The library of Cornell University possesses an Oriental manuscript written on palm leaves, consisting of 195 strips or leaves, each seven by one and a quarter inches, fastened together by a cord passing through a hole in the center of each leaf. The writing is done on each side of the leaves by etching the characters with a sharp instrument on the palm leaves, which have been afterward rubbed over with a black pigment.

## WONDERFUL PUPPETS.

They are so jointed as to execute the most surprising movements.

M. George Bertrand, a talented painter, a pupil of M. Bonnat, who some years ago exhibited a large picture called "Patric," which had a great success, has given up painting in order to devote his attention exclusively to the construction of life-size puppets, which are so jointed as to execute movements of the most surprising kind. The Figaro newspaper, which has taken the invention under its patronage, brought together yesterday an influential audience to see and hear the first representation. The figures produce a striking effect on the spectator, who might imagine them to be the characters in a tale of Hoffmann taking form and life. A violinist plays an air full of sentiment and spirit; four dancers, carefully dressed after the fashion of the opera, execute a ballet. A clown plays with artistic skill on the violin, and a Spanish couple—the male dancer with tambourine, and his partner with castanets—go through the most varied Spanish dances to the tune of the Espana de Chabrier.

The movements, the gestures, even the expression of the faces, are marvelously life-like. The exhibition was most successful. It was unanimously applauded by those present. Curiously enough, I have never heard the pictures of M. Bertrand so much spoken of as I have since he took to making puppets. I may add that M. Jules Simon, who was present at the entertainment, received quite an ovation in recognition of his personal success at Berlin.—London Time's Paris Correspondent.

## INTERRUPTED MEMORY.

Two Remarkable Cases Recorded by Historical Authorities.

From an article entitled "A Study of Consciousness," by Professor K. S. Wood, in the Century, we quote as follows: "During the Centennial Exhibition a big, burly Scotchman was brought to the hospital unconscious from sunstroke. I plunged him into a mass of slush and water and piled great masses of ice upon his head. As he gradually struggled back to consciousness, his first sensation was that he was packed away in an ice-box and doomed. When he came more fully to himself his first inquiry was: 'Who am I?' I said: 'Who are you?' This he could not answer. For four days, that man lay in the hospital, apparently perfectly rational, wondering who he was. During all this time his friends were searching, and detectives looking for him all through Philadelphia. At last his recollection came back, and he was able to give his name."

"Some years ago in one of our Southern cities a man was seized by the police and taken to a hospital, where he told the following story: 'I know nothing who I am or where I came from. All I know is that I found myself on the railroad platform a short time ago. I then drifted into a hall and heard a temperance lecture, goaded into fury by the eloquence of the speaker, I rushed out and began to smash the windows of a neighboring drinking-saloon; a consequent attack on me by the roughs led to my arrest by the police and my being brought to the hospital. This is all I know; who I am I can not tell.' At the time of the publication of the report of this case the hospital authorities had not found out who the man was."

## NOISES OF THE NIGHT.

Calls and Cries Which Bespeak Animated Nocturnal Life.

There is always something abroad—some creature of the fields and woods—which by its voice or movements is betrayed. Just as in an old rambling house there are always strange noises that can not be accounted for, so in the by-ways of nature there are innumerable sounds which can never be localized. To those, however, who pursue night vocations in the country—gamekeepers, poachers and others—there are always calls and cries which bespeak life as animate under the night as that of the day. This is attributable to various animals and birds, to night-flying insects, and even to fish. Let us track some of these sounds to their source.

"When comes still evening on, and twilight gray hath in her sober liv'ry all things clad"—then it is that the white owl comes abroad. Passing the remains of an old baronial hall, its piercing screech comes from the dismantled tower. Here the owls have lived time out of mind, and we have seen and heard them, asleep and awake, through every hour of the day and night. It is unnatural history to assert—as Mr. Grey asserts—that the barn owls ever moan, or mourn, or are melancholy. Neither are they grave monks, nor anchorites, nor pillared saints. A boding bird or a dolorous Nonsense; they are none of these. They issue forth as very devils, and like another spirit of the night, sail about seeking whom they may devour. The barn owl is the "screech" owl of the bird literature; the brown owl the true hooting owl. This species is found in old and heavily timbered districts, and it particularly loves the dark and somber gloom of resinous pine woods. But the barn owl is only the precursor of new life—life as animate under the night as that of the birds and butterflies under the day. We follow the path by the river, and on through the meadows. Among the nut-bush tops a bat is hawking for night-flying insects. Great white moths get up from the grass, and go booming away through the darkness. A bend in the stream brings us to a quiet river reach with brown pebbles and a shallow. A sentinel heron, that has been standing watchful on one leg, rises and flaps languidly away down the river reach. The consumptive figure of the gaunt bird stands by the stream through all weathers. He knows not times nor seasons, and is a great poacher. In the wind, when he takes his lone stand, his loose, fluttering feathers look like driftwood caught in the bushes. He reminds one of the consumptive! But, unlike him, has wonderful powers of digestion, and, withal, an immense capacity for fish. Woe to the luckless trout that comes within reach of his formidable pike, or the attacking peregrine that he attempts to impale on his bill. The heron is essentially a wanderer, and like Wordsworth's immortal leech-gatherer, he roams from pond to pond, from moor to moor. Herons come and go by the same routes; and night after night have we flushed our fisher from the self-same shallow. The peculiarly wild whistle of the curlew comes from out the night sky, and swifts screech for an hour after darkness has fallen. We are now by the "cove" side, and a strange "churring" sound comes from the glades; it approaches nearer and nearer until a loud flapping is heard in the bushes. The object approaches quite closely, and it is seen that the noise is produced by a large bird striking its wings together as they meet behind. Even in the darkness it may be detected that each wing is crossed by a definite white bar. The bird is the goatsucker or nightjar. Had we it in our hand, we should see that it was a connecting link between the owls and the swallows, having the soft plumage and noiseless flight of the one, and the wide gape of the other. The object of the noise it produces is probably to disturb from the bushes the large night-flying moths upon which it feeds.—Cornhill Magazine.

## A PENURIOUS BANKER.

An Amusing Anecdote Illustrating His Remarkable "Neatness."

On April 21, 1836, James Wood, one of the wealthiest private bankers in England, was buried. He was noted for his penuriousness, and a good story illustrating this trait in his character is told. One Sunday before going to church he gave a little boy, who acted as his servant, a chicken to be roasted for dinner. The cooking process began, and as the bird was turned and basted the savory steam which arose whetted the boy's appetite and he ventured to rub his finger on the breast, which was being gradually browned, and apply the finger to his mouth. The taste was delicious. He became hungrier and bolder, and picked away a morsel of the chicken's breast, then another and another, and before he realized what he was doing the whole bird had disappeared. His hunger being appeased, he saw his fault, and, trembling at the prospect of meeting his master, he thought of hiding. On entering a closet adjoining the room he saw a small bottle with the awful label "Poison" upon it. He feared death much, but his master more, and he resolved to end his days then and there. He drained the bottle, and thought he was safe from his master's rage. In a short time the old banker returned, ready to enjoy the chicken and his glass of brandy and water. Great was his surprise when he saw that both the chicken and boy had disappeared. On making search he found the youthful cook lying on the pantry floor with the empty bottle by his side. The mystery was solved. The boy was drunk, for the bottle had contained Wood's brandy, and he had labeled it "Poison" to prevent the servants from drinking the liquor. What he did with the boy is not recorded.—Chicago News.

## Sudden Change of Terms.

"Snukes an embezzler? What was the extent of his operations?"  
"Only about twenty dollar."  
"Is that all? The miserable thief!"  
—Chicago Tribune.

## WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it.

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO; ENOCH MORCAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

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4 1-2 cents per bushel at the bank.

Having leased land on Squire Beck's farm about one half mile north west of Shobe, will say that I now have a large quantity of coal mined and for sale. This Coal will be sold at the bank at 4 1/2 cents per bushel.

W. R. JENKINS,

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This machine is made after the latest models of the Singer machines, and is a perfect fac-simile in shape, ornamentation and appearance. All the parts are made to gauge exactly the same as the Singer, and are constructed of precisely the same materials.

The utmost care is exercised in the selection of the metals used, and only the very best quality is purchased. Each machine is thoroughly well made and is fitted with the utmost nicety and exactness, and no machine is permitted by the inspector to go out of the shop until it has been fully tested and proved to do perfect work, and run light and without noise.

The Chicago Sewing Machine has a very important improvement in a Loose Balance Wheel, so constructed as to permit winding bobbins without removing the work from the machine.

The Loose Balance Wheel is actuated by a solid bolt passing through a collar securely pinned to the shaft outside of the balance wheel, which bolt is firmly held to position by a strong spiral spring. When a bobbin is to be wound, the bolt is pulled out far enough to release the balance wheel, and turned slightly to the right or left, where it is held by a stop-pin until the bobbin is filled. Where the machine is liable to be meddled with by children, the bolt can be drawn out of the wheel when not in use, so that the machine can not be operated by the child. The thread eyelet and the needle clamp are made Telf Threading, which is a very great convenience.

Each Machine, of Whatever Style, is Furnished with the Following Attachments.

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|----------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Foot Hemmer        | 6 Hemmers, all different widths | 1 Screw Driver             |
| 1 Foot Ruffler       | 1 Wrench                        | 1 Gauge                    |
| 1 Tuckor             | 1 Thread Cutter                 | 1 Gauge Screw              |
| 1 Package of Needles | 1 Binder                        | 1 Oil-can, filled with oil |
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The driving wheel on this machine is admitted to be the simplest, easiest running and most convenient of any. The machine is self-threading, has the very best tension and thread liberator, is made of the best material, with the wearing parts hardened, and is finished in a superior style. It has renewed cover, drop-leaf table, 4 end drawers and center swing drawer. The manufacturer warrants every machine for 5 years.

This valuable machine is given as a premium for 60 yearly subscribers to this paper, or for 30 yearly subscribers and \$7 additional.

Price, including one year's subscription, \$15. Sent by freight, receiver to pay charges. Give name of freight station if different from post office address.

## STRANGE PASSENGERS.

A Flock of Migrating Birds Alights on a ship in the Ionian Sea.

One of the most enjoyable little trips which has been taken for many a day was made by the Scientific Club of Vienna last autumn. They sailed from Trieste to Tunis and Algiers, then took in the Balearic Isles and Sardinia, and Sicily on their return trip to Europe.

One of the club tells a singular and pleasing incident which occurred on board the steamer Mars in the Ionian Sea.

"We were riding upon a high sea," he related, "with no land in view, only sky and water as far as the eye could reach, having left Corfu the evening before. What was our astonishment on coming upon deck the following morning to find a numerous company of little guests or 'bird passengers' who had arrived some time in the night and were going to make the journey gratis."

"About one hundred little birds of heterogeneous species and sizes were evidently making their way from Europe to Africa. Becoming weak and exhausted from their long flight, they had found resting places on the masts of our ships. The early morning hours were, however, too cold for them—it was a somber, chilly day—so the weak, suffering little creatures flew down upon the deck, and crowded close together, stood in the vicinity of the chimney or crowded near the warm vapor which radiated from the engine."

"It was there we found them, and a more motley company of the feathered tribe could scarcely have been found in all Europe. Spanish wood chats, bean birds, black martins, mountain finches, redstarts, common snipe, yellow water wagtails and many other varieties sat sadly side by side and warmed themselves, while their tiny heads hung dependently on their breasts."

"Some of them when revived by the heat came across the deck to the passengers and ate the crumbs which were given to them from the table. Considering their wretchedness and dejection they grew quite bold after a time, even venturing at last into the ladies' cabin. And we soon discovered the reasons for this growing familiarity."

"Circling high above the steamer's masts were a flock of birds of prey, sparrow-hawks, horned owls and hoopoes, who came closer and closer each time they circled until finally some of the most venturesome actually swooped down upon the deck. The little birds flew in all directions for protection, some of them getting almost beneath our very feet."

"A marksmen of our company shot eleven of these sparrow-hawks, notwithstanding the uneven motion of our ship and the constant whirl of the birds overhead. When opportunity offered they caught up these little creatures from the deck, carried them away in their claws and killed them at once, either by sticking their bills into the slender necks or by striking their heads against the edge of a mast. But our sportsmen appeared on the scene every time, like a very Nemesis, and shot the hapless down. During that entire day the feathered invalids were passengers on the Mars."

"Perhaps in that time they had recovered their strength; perhaps the disappearance of the birds of prey encouraged them; perhaps they noticed that our ship was taking them every moment from their course, due south, and that they had made a mistake—enough, at evening they left, in order, doubtless, to seek the Italian coast or some Grecian isle. But we will not soon forget that day's novel episode."

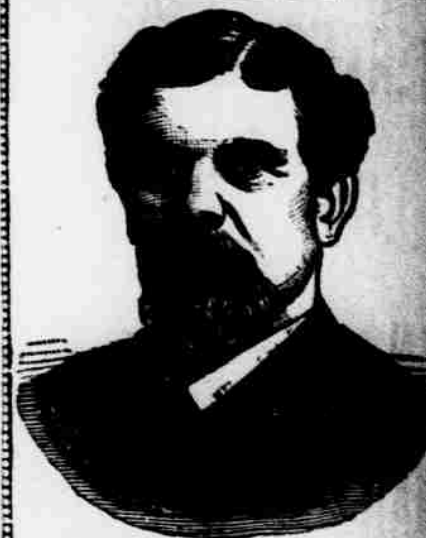
## AN EXTRAORDINARY WILL.

How a Polish Gentleman Prolonged the Suspense of His Heirs.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; and rich men well stricken in years so often cause during their lives the fondest hopes of their prospective heirs to be indefinitely deferred, that there is positively no excuse for their continuing to do so after death, like a late inhabitant of Warsaw, M. S—. This gentleman died six years ago. He had confided his last will and testament to M. B—, his executor, at whose house the friends and relatives gathered together after the funeral to learn their fate; but they only heard the inscription on the envelope read, which was to the effect that the seal was to be broken on that day twelve-month. This was sad news to many of them whose creditors were restive and threatening; but possessing their souls, their interjections and adjectives in patience and in silence, they went their several ways. In 1885 they were all punctually at the trying place once more. Breathless was the silence—like unto that described in the second book of the Æneid, when Venus' son was about to tell his thrilling tale. M. B— broke that silence and the seal solemnly and tenderly, and found inside of the envelope a somewhat smaller inclosure sealed with an identical seal, and bearing an identical superscription: "This seal is to be broken this day twelve-month; not before." It is to be hoped that the spirit of that departed citizen, if hovering at all near the spot, was not within earshot of the uncourtly ejaculations which that announcement elicited, as the disappointed audience rose up and dispersed; nor was the discovery of the year following of a nature to soothe the angry feelings of the impatient relatives, who met once more under M. B—'s hospitable roof. Briefly, year after year, the kith and kin of that rich man gathered together and "quoted scripture" at the practical joker of the other world, heartily wishing him back again in this one for the nonce.

The will proved to have seven seals, the last of which was broken a few days ago, when it was found that the rich man's property was divided into four equal parts, one of which was to be equally distributed between his nieces and nephews, another was left to the children of a former wet nurse, a third was given to his friend and executor, M. B—, and the fourth was directed to be invested till the year 1910, when it is to be handed over to that one of the nephews who is blessed with the most numerous progeny.—St. Petersburg Cos. London News.

## The Blood is the Life!



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